

A Congratulatory POEM on the wonderful Atchievements of Sir *John Mandevil*, &c.

Great, Good, & Just, whose Worth then praises higher,
Tho' none can comprehend, yet all admire;
Whom Heav'n to our ungrateful City sent
Both for a Bulwark, and an Ornament.
Whilst stubborn Faction, and mad Crowds bow down
To sacred Altar, and to sacred Crown;
Whilst all the horned Herd submit their Ears,
Frighted ev'n out of Jealousies and Fears;
Whilst each kind Pious Slave does mumping go
To vote for THANKS to him that made them so.
Among the Crowd of Blessings don't refuse
The liberal Mite of my Repenting Muse,
Whose Lies by th' help of North, it may be, can
Create her Master Common-Council-Man,
Then make me Drunk, and I'll for Slavery bawl
As loud as any *TORY* of 'em all.
Tho' the Cow'd Populace in vain rebel,
And prate of Liberty, and (grumbling) tell
Of CHARTERS, RIGHTS, and FREEDOMS, which they draw
From some *Moth-eaten* Grant, or *musty* Law;
You bravely stemm'd the Tide; You dar'd engage
The weak Efforts of all their Feeble Rage;
The Loyal Int'rest nobly you relieve,
By jumbling in a Chast and Generous Shrieve.
Nor this with little pains did you perform;
First you sustain'd a dreadful Counter-storm,
And then was squeez'd till you with Loyal stench,
Out of exuberent Zeal defil'd the Bench.
For these high Actions may you live to wear
What Wreaths you can deserve, or Heav'n prepare;
To such a place may your bright Worth aspire,
That one, and only one can there be higher:
May you, when to the Grave your Corps is born,
Like *Scanderbeg*, be into Reliques torn:
Then, that your Memory may never fall,
Your Statue shall be plac'd within *Guile-Hall*;
(As *Persians* line Tribunals with the Skin
Of that false Judge that last was plac'd therein)
But since the Chamber Gold and Silver lacks,
Must only be compos'd of Dirt and Wax.
Then you, whilst one poor Cit a Curse can give,
In every Mouth eternally shall live,
Whilst thus they'll tell their starving Brats-----

*Here lies the Wretch, who London to enslave,
Tory-like, liv'd a Fool, and dy'd a Knave.*